I meane *Hortentio* is afeard of you.
Wid. He that is giddie thinkes the world turns round.
Petr. Roundly replied.
Kate. Mistris how meane you that?
Wid. Thus I conceiue by him.
Petr. Conceiues by me, how likes *Hortensio* that?
Hor. My Widdow sayes, thus she conceiues her tale.
Petr. Verie well mended: kisse him for that good Widdow.
Kate. He that is giddie thinkes the world turnes round,
I pray you tell me what you meant by that.
Wid. Your husband being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husbands sorrow, by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.
Kate. A verie meane meaning.
Wid. Right. I meane you.
Kat. And I am meane indeed, respecting you.
Petr. To her *Kate*.
Hor. To her *Widdow*.
Petr. A hundred marks, my *Kate* does put her down.
Hor. That's my office
Petr. Spoke like an Officer: ha to thee Lad.
Drinkes to Hortensio.
Bap. How likes *Gremio* these quicke witted folkes?
Gre. Beleeue me sir, they But together well.
Bian. Head, and But an hastie witted bodie,
Would say your Head and But were head and horne.
Vin. I Mistris Bride, hath that awakened you?
Bian. I, but not frighted me, therefore Ile sleepe againe.
Petr. Nay that you shall not since you haue begun:
Haue at you for a better Iest or too.
Bian. Am I your Bird, I meane to shift my bush,
And then pursue me as you draw my Bow.
You are welcome all. *Exit Bianca.*
Petr. She hath preuented me, here signior *Tranio*,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not,
Therfore a health to all that shot and miss't.
Tri. Oh sir, *Lucentio* slipt me like his Gray-hound,
Which runs himselfe and catches for his Master.
Petr. A good swift simile, but something currish.

Tra. 'Tis well sir that you hunted for your selfe:
'Tis thought your Deere does hold you at a baye.
Bap. Oh, oh *Petruchio*, *Tranio* hits you now.
Luc. I thanke thee for that gird good *Tranio*.
Hor. Confesse, confesse, hath he not hit you here?
Petr. A has a little gald me I confesse:
And as the Iest did glaunce away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you too out right.
Bap. Now in good sadnesse sonne *Petruchio*,
I thinke thou hast the veriest shrew of all.
Petr. Well I say no: and therefore sir, assurance,
Let's each one send vnto his wife,
And he whose wife is most obedient,
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.
Hort. Content what's the wager?
Luc. Twentie crownes.
Petr. Twentie crownes.
Ile venture so much of my Hawke or Hound,
But twentie times so much vpon my Wife.
Luc. A hundred then.
Hor. Content.
Petr. A match 'tis done.
Hor. Who shall begin?
Luc. That will I.
Goe *Biondello*, bid your Mistris come to me. *Exit.*
Bio. I goe.
Bap. Sonne Ile be you halfe, *Bianca* comes.
Luc. Ile haue no halues: Ile beare it all my selfe.
Enter Biondello.
How now, what newes?
Bion. Sir, my Mistris sends you word
That she is busie, and shee cannot come.
Petr. How? she's busie and shee cannot come: is that an answere?
Gre. I, and a kinde one too:
Praie God sir your wife send you not a worse.
Petr. I hope better.
Hor. Sirra *Biondello*, goe and intreate my wife to come to mee
forthwith. *Exit. Bion.*
Petr.